A *Leiceſter-ſhire* Frolick; *Or*, The valiant Cook-Maid.

Being a merry compoſed Jeſt of *Five Taylors* that had been at work till their Wages came to 5 pounds, likewiſe a merry conceited Cook-maid that lived in the houſe, went to her Maſter and deſired him to lend her a horſe, and ſhe would venture her skill to take the 5-pound from theſe five Taylors, without either Sword or Piſtol, in a jeſting way, to make her Maſter ſome ſport and to ſhow her valour: her Maſter loving mirth more then ſadneſs, agreed to it: ſo a Horſe was ſadled, and other things to diſguiſe her ſelf, becauſe ſhe might not be known: away ſhe went (it being in the Evening) and met them before they got home, with nothing in her hand but a black pudding, the faint-hearted Taylors delivered her their money very quietly, for fear they ſhould a been ſhot through with a Black pudding, and what followed after is expreſſed in this following Ditty. Tune is, Ragged and torn. With Allowance.

I'Le tell you a pretty fine jeſt,
if that you do pleaſe it to hear,
For the truth on't I do proteſt,
I'm ſure that you need not to fear:
It is of a valiant Cook-maid,
that lived at a Noblemans place,
And five Taylors that once was afraid,
when as they looke her in the face;
O this was the valiant cook-maid,
without either Piſtol or Gun,
But with a Black-pudding did fright,
five Taylors, and put them to'th run.

This Noble-man upon a time,
had great ſtore of work for to do,
But to bring every thing into rhime,
'twill ſtudy my brains you muſt know,
Five Taylors that lived hard by,
That worked for fourpence a day,
For Beef and for Pudding at night,
they'd better do ſo then to play:
O this, &c.
Theſe Taylors a great while did work,
two Maſters, and their three men,
They laboured as hard as a Turk,
with Stitching both too and agen,
And when that their work it was done,
their money unto them was told,
Full five good pounds it is known,
of Silver, but not of red Gold:
O this, &c.
And when as their money they'd got,
then who was ſo jocond as they
Each Man of the beſt drank his pot, (way
and homewards they ſtraight took their
A Cook-maid there was in the houſe,
that us'd full merry to be,
Who went to her Maſter in haſte,
and theſe words unto him did ſay,
O thi, &c.
Maſter if that you pleaſe,
ſome paſtime I for you will make,
But to lend me a horſe then (quoth ſhe)
and this money I from them will take,
Her Maſter then hearing the jeſt,
would try what this Cook-maid could do
Some mirth he did think it the beſt,
as Gentlemen will do you know,
O this, &c.
A horſe then was ſadled with ſpeed,
and boots and Spurs ſhe put on,
And other materials moſt fit,
becauſe that ſhe would not be known,
A horſe-back ſhe ſtraight got aſtride,
with a Hogs-Pudding in her hand,
And meeting theſe Taylors in haſte,
ſhe preſently bid them to ſtand,
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ſhe preſently bid them to ſtand,
O this, &c.

Deliver your Money (quoth the)
or else your manhoods now try,
Or by this same thing in my hand,
every man of you shall dye,
Then out her Black-pudding she pull'd,
which sore did the Taylors affright,
They thought it had been a pistol well
bec'ause 'twas late in the night, (charg'd
O this, &c.

They beg'd their lives she might save,
we are but poor taylors (quoth they)
And truly no money we have,
for we work but for four-pence a day,
You lye like all Rogues (quoth she)
and do not my patience provoke,
For 5 pounds you have tane for your work.
so prelant that word did them choak,
O this, &c.

That money deliver with speed,
if that you think well on your Lives,
Or by this same thing you shall bleed,
the which will go farther then knives,
Then out of their pockets their money they
with many a sorrowful tear, (took
And gave it into her hand,
here's all on't each Taylor did swear.
O this, &c.

And when she their money had got,
she set Spurs and away she did run,
The Davil go with you (quoth they)
for i'me sure that we are undone:
But when that this Cook-maid came home,
strait unto her Master she told,
And show'd him his money again,
how passages went she did unfold,
O this, &c.

But here comes the cream of the jest,
those Taylors which was such Men,
After they'd stood pauting a while,
then back they returned again,
They came with a pittiful tone,
their hair stood like men bewitcht
To th' Gentleman they made their moan,
for their mony their fingers it itcht,
O this, &c.

The Gentleman laugh'd inconceit,
how many was there said he,
Sure you were all men sufficient
to a beaten above two or three;
Truly we saw but one man
the which took our money away,
But we feared he had partakers in store,
or else he should never a carried the day.
O this, &c.

He was well mounted upon a good steed,
and a Pistol that put us to studying;
You lye like all fools (quoth she)
it was but a black Hogs-Pudding:
Thus they the poor Taylors did jeer
and the Cook-maid laugh'd in conceit,
That with nothing but a black Pudding,
and that five Taylors should beat,
O this, &c.

Then straightway the Gentleman spoke,
what will you give then (said he)
To have all your money again,
and the face on't once more to see:
Quoth the Taylors we'l give the ten half,
and that's very fair you do know,
Altho' that we were such fools,
to part with our good silver so.
O this, &c.

Then straitways he call'd for the Cook,
then the Taylors did laugh in their sleeve
And set her to cunjuring strait,
which made the poor Taylors believe
That she by her art had it found,
and shew'd them the place where it lay,
Which made the poor Taylors to smile,
so merry and jocand was they.
O this, &c.

Here take half the money said they,
the which we did promise to you,
And for you we ever will pray.
for such Cook-Maids there is but a few,
I'le have none of your money she said,
as sure as i'me hear alive,
One may know what Cowards you are,
to let a Hogs-Pudding to fright you all;
O this, &c.

And thus the old Proverb is true,
nine Taylors do make but one man
And now it doth plainly appear,
let them all do what they can,
For had they been stout hearted Lads,
they need not callad for aid,
Nor afraid to talk of a Pudding,
nor yet be'n out-brav'd by a Maid.
O this, &c.

FINIS.

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